

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Hell's Messenger"

I don't leave nothing to chance, it's no one to guess  
And I play everything real close to the chest  
The 2016 Range Rover is next  
And I walk through the Valley of Death with no stress  
Marvelous money to murder y'all, gold bullion  
Fifty dudes, parkside, killers wear skully on  
That's the glass table that I'm putting your medulla on  
Black trees, black ski mask, black uniform  
The shiny black .45 is my bitch  
Cause I understand that nothing in the world is a gift  
Ain't no magic what I'm doin', ain't no Merlin in this  
The stupidity the reason Donald Sterling exist (you stupid fuck)  
I was eating pills with Van Morrison in Gloria  
At the Waldorf Astoria, called shorty up  
If you're looking for a father figure, call Maury up  
You a Dr. Seuss rapper, made the whole story up

Who the one that always gotta drink?  
- That's me!  
Always getting thrown into the bing?  
- That's me!  
The one that always holding all the hammers?  
- That's me!  
Who run up in the club and go bananas?  
- That's me!  
Who the one that always gotta drink?  
- That's me!  
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Oyster Perpetual and bottles of Chandon  
Everything you thought that existed is long gone  
Waiting on an opium shipment from Hong Kong  
Y'all approach to what we created is all wrong  
Everything that we emulated are raw songs  
Everything that y'all haven't made is in poor form  
ECW Jerry Lynn when he fought Storm  
You an asshole masturbating to soft porn  
No guns, iron deficiency, you anemic  
Audio heroin intravenous, my sun like Phoenix  
Love the second the boss seen it  
The route take longer but it's much more scenic  
See, me and my brothers have been waiting for a while now

Giving you the time to get your wack-ass style down  
Matter fact I think we gon' have us a pow-wow  
Your guns go boom-boom, mines go BAOW BAOW

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Stoupe whattup!!  
They bitin' our shit, silly, Papa  
That's why we gotta reinvent the whole shit  
Yo, word is God, I ain't dissing y'all by name  
I just slappin' y'all in the face, stealin' our shit, man  
How many years? 15 years?  
Nah that's not long enough